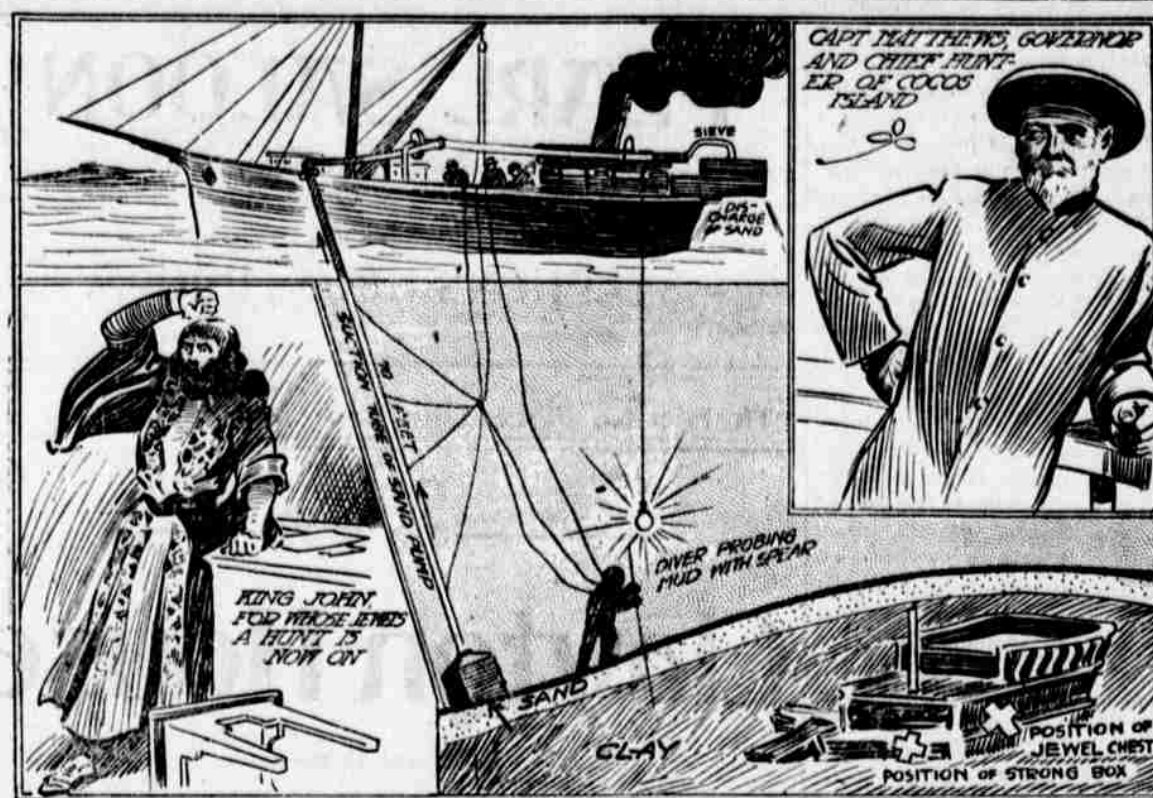


LURE OF LOST TREASURE

MANY HUNTS IN PROGRESS



In all the world nothing stirs the blood or excites the imagination so much as a search for hidden treasure. In fiction or in fact nothing is so entrancing.

At present several interesting treasure hunts are under way. In the little bay of Tobermory, on the west coast of Scotland, a syndicate is endeavoring to reach the strong box of a sunken ship of the Spanish armada which plunged beneath those waters with wealth estimated at \$15,000,000.

Efforts are being made to raise a British warship which was sunk in Balaklava bay during the Crimean war. Those at the head of this enterprise expect to reap a golden harvest of \$3,000,000. In prosy England the marshes of the Wash are being explored for the royal jewels and treasure of King John, which were lost by him during his flight in 1216.

Into almost every clime and to thrilling adventures the golden ignis fatuus of hidden treasure is luring men. Soldiers of fortune never wove more romantic or dramatic stories than those of the present searches for buried gold.

Seek Armada Treasure Ship.

At present a golden thread of romantic interest is being spun like a shimmering spider web over Tobermory bay, one of the loveliest inlets on the west coast of Scotland. This bay offers shelter to mariners and fishermen off the northwest corner of the Isle of Mull.

At that point a determined search is on for treasure, which, it is believed, has lain quietly under the water for more than three centuries.

A halo of romance and tradition surrounds the gold which is supposed to have gone down with the Admiral of Florence, or Florentia, the treasure ship of the Spanish armada, in 1588.

Legend has it that in September of that year a large Spanish galleon, the Florentia, in trying to avoid the storms and save the treasure on board until suitable weather made possible her escape southward, took refuge in the safe, land-locked bay of Tobermory.

According to reports, the Florentia had on board \$15,000,000 in English money. The officers and men, who were starving, demanded food from the McLeans of Mull.

In return for supplies, after due negotiation, the admiral agreed to land 100 men to assist the McLean clan at Scotland, which at that time was at sword's points with the McDonalds. He was also to pay the McLeans a large sum of money as well if they would assist him to repair his ship.

This promise of money is taken to show the presence of a considerable quantity of specie on board and as the vessel was a flagship it is probable that she carried the treasure of the entire Armada.

The 100 men were landed and assisted in defeating the McDonalds. They were afterward allowed to return to the ship, but the McLeans held three officers as hostages until the debt was paid.

Kept Chieftain a Prisoner.

They also sent one of their chieftains, Donald Glas McLean, on board the vessel to collect the price agreed upon, but the Spanish admiral disarmed him and kept him a prisoner.

During the night, so the story goes, McLean discovered the position of the powder magazine. The next morning as the ship was getting under way the chieftain was brought on deck to take a last look at his native land. Breaking away from his captors, he rushed below and blew up the ship, perishing with most of the crew.

Since then a number of endeavors have been made to recover the treasure. In 1641 and again in 1655 the dukes of Argyll attempted salvage operations, but without success. In 1730

a diving bell was employed.

At that time a fine bronze cannon was recovered, with many gold and silver coins. Since then other guns and relics have been brought to the surface, but the strongroom supposed to contain the treasure has never been reached.

Among the articles already recovered are sword blades and scabbards, pistols, large and small; a peculiar taper-necked bottle of crude workmanship and bones of drowned Spaniards. The sword blades and scabbards were heavily incrustated with lime and the bottle covered with crustacea.

One of the early divers found that the deck of the vessel from the mizen mast forward was blown away and that cannon and other contents of the ship were scattered about for a distance of 20 yards. The poop from the mainmast aft, however, was intact. Here, it is believed, the treasure room is located.

Since then the vessel has settled considerably and a formation of sand and mud now covers it. To get through this a wrecking crew is working under direction of Capt. William Burns, who has had considerable experience in salvage work.

Sand pumps are being used and the divers work by the aid of a 2,000-candle power electric light. They have brought up candlesticks, flags, copper pans, coins, a gold ring and a number of metal and stone cannon balls.

On Island of Mauritius.

For some months an army of laborers has been digging on the island of Mauritius, in the Indian ocean, searching for a treasure valued at \$100,000,000 or more, supposed to have been buried at the time of the British conquest or some time before, by the French officials. This expedition is being directed by a company formed for the purpose of unearthing the treasure.

England is excited just now over an attempt to recover the royal jewels and treasure lost by King John in the Wash, when he fled across the marshes in 1216.

In preparation for the search St. John Hope, assistant secretary of the Society of Antiquarians, has made a study of the tides and land shiftings from the time King John lost his baggage and his wealth until the present. The Wash has changed in its course since 1216 and Mr. Hope calculates that the treasure wagons will be located at Sutton bridge, where there is 23 feet of silt.

Another search for wealth long hidden beneath the waters is being conducted at Sebastopol, in the Crimea. Armed with government authority, salvage experts have undertaken to raise from the bottom of Balaklava bay a large British man-of-war sunk by Russian gunfire directed against the British, French and Turkish opponents of the czar.

It is stated that members of the Russian admiralty possess trustworthy information to the effect that the sunken man-of-war contains a large sum of money originally destined for the payment of the British forces. The present attempt is progressing under the supervision of a well-known specialist in salvage, Sig. Restucci, an Italian.

Knows of Pirate's Hoard.

A few weeks ago a Boston woman, who signed the name "Sadie J. Mason" at the bottom of a newspaper advertisement for backers for her enterprise, asserted that she had learned the hiding place of millions of treasure which was captured by the cut-throat crew of a ship that flew the "Jolly Roger" for a number of successful years and was finally burned, three-quarters of a century ago, on an island in the St. Lawrence gulf. Miss Mason asserted that in the

spot of which she had learned there were millions in gold, silver and jewels, waiting only to be taken away. At last accounts this vast treasure trove had not been unearthed.

Familiar to every newspaper reader of recent years is the story of the famous Cocos island treasure. During the last 70 years no fewer than 18 expeditions have set out to recover this pile of gold and jewels. Indeed, more than once parties have engaged in deadly conflict. Search is in progress there at the present time.

Cocos island is a patch of land, 16 square miles in extent, rising from the Pacific ocean off the coast of Costa Rica, to which country it belongs. Two treasure "plants" are supposed to be located there, one of \$60,000,000 and the other of \$15,000,000.

The first is called the Bonita treasure, after the notorious pirate of that name. For many years Bonita flew the black flag and cross bones in the Caribbean sea and accumulated great stores of plunder.

Wealth Buried by Bonita.

In 1821, after the surrender of Donaja to the Liberator Iturbide, vast stores of government wealth were removed from the City of Mexico. Bonita, it is stated, managed to capture the treasure and hurried with his spoil to Cocos island, where he buried it.

The other "plant," called the Mary Dier treasure, was committed to the keeping of Cocos island by the crew of the ship of that name, which happened to be in the harbor of Caliao, Peru, during a war upheaval.

All the treasures and plate of the cathedral and of the churches of Lima and the surrounding country were hurried to the Scotch ship Mary Dier. In addition many wealthy citizens placed their choicest possessions on the vessel. In all it is stated that the ship's unexpected cargo amounted in value to over \$15,000,000.

This proved too much, tradition states, for the officers and crew. The guardians of the wealth were overpowered and the treasure was landed and buried on Cocos island until such time as it could be recovered and used.

Many Parties Hunt Treasure.

At present the island is guarded by Capt. Matthews, its governor and part owner. He is directing the search. Harold Gray, of Ireland, claims the concession to hunt the treasure, but the claim is combated by others. An armed expedition under Lord Fitzwilliams of England had a brush with the Gray forces last year and the Costa Rican government was compelled to send a gunboat to restore order. As far as known the Cocos island treasure remains undiscovered.

Most treasure hunts are being conducted by companies which provide capital as a speculation. Now and then, however, the story comes to light of some gold-dazzled individual who sinks all his possessions in chasing the golden will-o'-the-wisp.

One such man—William S. Meade—died recently, penniless and alone in New York. Early in life he made a fortune through an invention, but spent it all chasing the ignis fatuus of hidden treasure.

Meade asserted he had fallen heir to maps and directions that would lead to buried wealth that would run up into the millions. He purchased a large and expensive steam yacht, manned it with a large crew and machinery for raising sunken galleons supposed to be full of Spanish gold and soon after the civil war set sail for the south seas.

Disaster, wreck and privation fell to the lot of the first cruise and Meade and his companions were forced to return without a single find. More money was sunk in fitting out another expedition, but this, too, was a failure that ended in a shipwreck.

LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER XX.

The following day, Laffitte, accompanied by Pierre and Nato, made a hasty trip to Shell Island, where he found all as he had left it, and received a hearty welcome from all his followers. But when, early in the afternoon, he returned to Grande Terre, it was to a scene of great excitement.

An English warship—a brig—was to be seen in the offing, and a boat from it, bearing a white flag, was approaching the island.

Laffitte went himself in a boat to meet the stranger, which—as he saw through a glass—held, besides its crew, two officers in the English naval uniform.

The officers introduced themselves as Capt. Lockyer and McWilliams, of His Majesty's navy, bearers of a message from Col. Nicholls, commander of the forces in Florida, to Capt. Jean Laffitte, "Commandant at Barataria."

"I will take the message, gentlemen," said Laffitte, when they had stated their errand, "as it is not quite possible that you will be permitted to land on the island."

At this the officers conferred with each other in low tones; then the one who had introduced himself as Captain Lockyer, and who was the senior of the two, addressed himself to Laffitte.

"We cannot do this. Our orders are to see Capt. Laffitte himself, and to place the message in his hands."

"Very well, gentlemen; be it so," replied Laffitte. "But in that case I must insist, for your own welfare, that you go ashore in my boat, leaving your own to lie off the island."

The Englishmen consented to this, and the boats were brought side by side, so that the officers might board the Baratarian craft.

The outlaws, wondering and excited, and with arms ready for use, stood watching the returning boat, wherein the hated English uniforms showed in

place, and I invite you on the following terms: Your property shall be guaranteed to you, and your persons protected, in return for which I ask you to cease all hostilities against Spain, or the allies of Great Britain; your ships and vessels to be placed under the orders of the commanding officer on this station, until your commander-in-chief's pleasure is known; but I guarantee their value in all events.

"I herewith enclose you a copy of my proclamation to the inhabitants of Louisiana, which will, I think, point out to you the honorable intentions of my government. You may be a useful instrument in forwarding them; therefore, if you determine, lose no time."

"Should any inhabitants be inclined to volunteer their services into His Majesty's forces, either naval or military, for limited service, they will be received; and if any British subject, being at Barataria, wishes to return to his native country, he will, on joining His Majesty's service, receive a free pardon."

When he finished reading, which he had done with a rapidity suggestive of carelessness, Laffitte refolded the papers, placed them in their cover, and slipped the package inside his coat.

Capt. Lockyer was the first to speak. "Now, Capt. Laffitte, what have you to say to us, that we may report to Col. Nicholls?"

He spoke cheerfully and confidently, as if there could be no doubt of Laffitte's ready acquiescence in the proposal.

"Do these papers cover the entire matter?" demanded Laffitte, ignoring the question.

"Not altogether," began Capt. McWilliams; then he paused and looked at Lockyer, as if preferring that the latter should explain.

This he did by enlarging upon the manifest and great advantages to result from the "Baratarian commandant" and his followers by acceding to the



"Are we to understand, sir, that this is your decision?"

seeming friendliness with their own fellows and leader. But when Laffitte stepped ashore, he bade them disperse, and motioned his guests to precede him up the pathway leading from the beach.

They lost no time in doing this, scrutinized keenly by the resentful and still puzzled outlaws, who, when the scarlet uniforms disappeared inside the fort with Laffitte, began muttering among themselves as to the meaning of this strange proceeding.

Laffitte, going to a buffet at one end of the room, took from it several cut-glass decanters and glasses, which, together with a large silver box filled with cigars, he placed upon the table.

"Permit me to offer you a glass of wine, or brandy, gentlemen," he said. "Then you may proceed to talk, for I am at your service. I am Jean Laffitte, the 'commandant'—if such I may be called—at Barataria."

Both officers stared at him in undisguised amazement. Then they again looked at one another, but now as if for mutual comfort, while they began to mumble confused apologies.

"Proceed," Laffitte repeated, paying no heed to their discomfiture. "What do you want with me—what can any English colonel have to say to Jean Laffitte of Louisiana that Jean Laffitte can care to hear?"

Leaning back in his chair, he folded his arms, and looked steadily at the two men.

Capt. Lockyer rose, and drawing from the pocket of his coat a sealed package, laid it out upon the table, near where Laffitte's arm was resting.

"There," said Capt. Lockyer, resuming his seat, "is a most important communication, entrusted to us by Col. Nicholls, for conveyance to your hands. We have orders to await your answer."

The paper ran as follows:

"I have arrived in the Florida for the purpose of annoying the only enemy Great Britain has in the world, as France and England are now friends."

"I call on you, with your brave followers, to enter into the service of Great Britain, in which you shall have the grade of a captain; lands will be given to you, in proportion to your respective ranks, on peace taking

under such circumstances?" he demanded, adding, before they could answer him, "I do; and I warn you that what you propose doing would be equivalent to unchaining the demons of hell."

The Englishmen looked uncomfortable; but Lockyer muttered something about "the fortunes of war," and McWilliams said: "But the cruelty of the negroes can add little, after all, to the punishment it has been decided to inflict upon New Orleans. The city is to be given over to fire and pillage."

This announcement, made with something of a dramatic air, did not seem to make the expected impression upon Laffitte; for he passed it by, and said, somewhat impatiently, and with unmistakable decision, "I repeat that I cannot answer you before morning; and such being the case, I must request that you remain here over night."

The two officers had risen, and now stood before him, their faces showing mingled consternation and anger.

"Are we to understand, sir, that this is your decision?" demanded Capt. Lockyer excitedly.

"You are, unless you see fit to give up all further negotiations with me. In case you accept what I suggest," answered Laffitte, "you will send an order for your crew to return to the brig, and to come for you at noon to-morrow."

The tone of quiet authority accompanying the words appeared to leave no alternative for the British officers, who could only nod their assent, evidently deeming it more diplomatic to check the anger showing in their faces.

Laffitte smiled, and moved toward the door.

"Now I must leave you; but I will place you in the care of Scipio, a faithful old servant, who will attend to your comfort."

They bowed stiffly, and he went out, closing the door after him; and the officers heard him lock it, and remove the key.

Scipio soon appeared with a lighted lamp. This he placed upon the table, and, taking notice of those present, proceeded to work, with the result that, in a few minutes, a cheery fire was blazing. And, as the Englishmen drew their chairs to the hearth, the old negro closed and barred the heavy shutters, besides placing for the night an iron bar across the already locked door.

"We seem to be prisoners, rather than guests," remarked Capt. McWilliams, in a tone too guarded for his words to reach the partially deaf ears of Scipio, who was busy at the table.

"It is a cheap price to pay, after all, if it results in bringing him over to us," said Lockyer, in the same low tone. "Those hands of his, and his manner,—the whole 'cut of his jib,'—suggest the idea of his being quite able to hand a lady her fan with the grace of a courtier; but they also suggest to me, at least, his ability to clutch an enemy by the throat and hurl him over a cliff, or make him walk the plank."

(To be continued.)

GOLD IN THE EAST.

Immense Amount of Precious Metal Waiting for the Miner.

"I believe that from Halifax to Tennessee, in a line winding around through Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas, there is going to be a rehabilitation of gold mining," said Col. A. B. Russ, of Montgomery county, Md., at the National last week, says the Washington Post. "When the miners went West in 1849 they left this very field I am speaking of, and after that field was explored they came back to a richer field in Colorado, which they had entirely overlooked. After a time they went to Alaska, and just a short time ago rich fields were found in Nevada, from which millions have been extracted. But it seems to be little known that right around this neighborhood of Maryland and Virginia there are rich deposits of the precious metal. I think it would surprise many people to know that not long ago in my county some gold was assayed that yielded \$25 to the ton, while the average was \$8 to \$10. In another place there \$2,000 was dug up in one day, and all this by entirely crude methods. It runs through a vein of quartz some eighty feet down. Near Great Falls seven veins have been opened from three to twenty feet wide. Six Colorado mining capitalists a day or two ago bought 600 acres of land in that locality for the very purpose of exploring this. It is not confined to that locality, either. I have driven in my buggy 600 miles from Maryland down through the Carolinas and have found many places where the same conditions prevail. In South Carolina there are mountains of iron ore that have never been touched. I tell you the mineral resources of the eastern South are unknown."

Berlin at Night.

Berlin is at its best at night, says a traveler. They have discovered the secret of electric lighting, and when people step out from their offices and shops at eight and nine o'clock at night, it is into an enchanted city. The solid palaces, the monstrous statues, the enormous houses and wide spaces of the long and stately streets, are then soft and gracious with a fairy radiance. It is a city not only of prosperity, but of pure delight. The heaviness of the buildings and the rigidity of their lines are blurred and softened. In the clear northern air the million lamps blazing from the walls of houses, shining across the interminable streets, and glowing in a straight line down the whispering avenues, have something of the magic gentleness and sensuous inspiration of an Arabian story. You begin to think Berlin is the greatest city in the world.—Montreal Herald